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The Student's Pen



JOHN EWING

October

1938

October, 1938

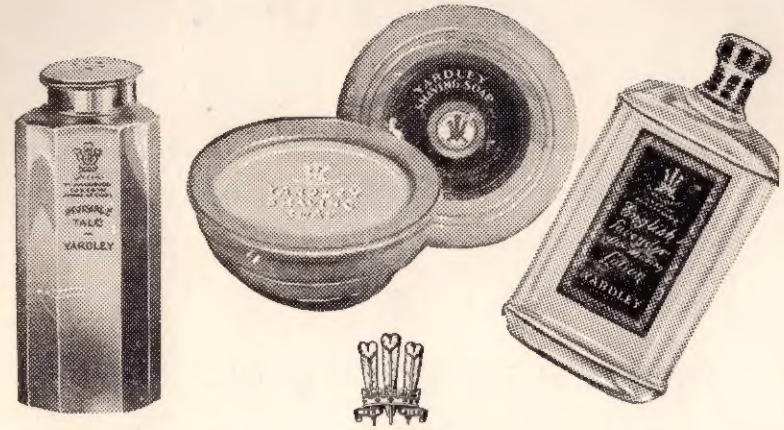
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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. XXIV

OCTOBER, 1938

No. 1

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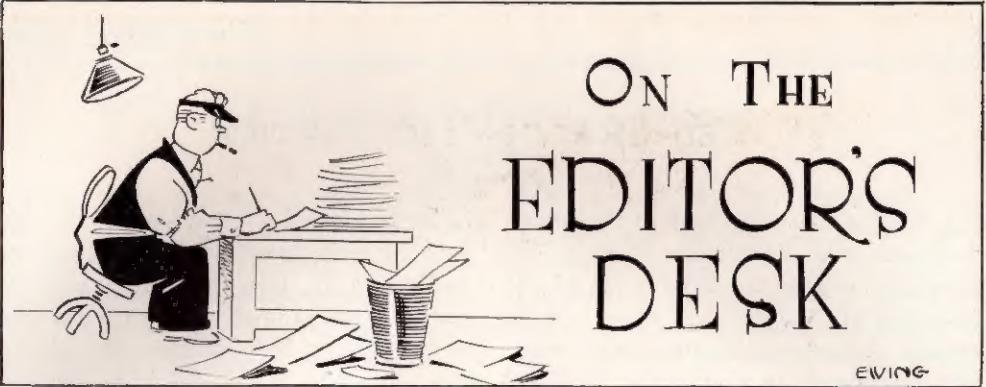
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James W. Meehan
Instructor in Social Sciences at Pittsfield High School, 1930-1938
The Pittsfield High faculty and student body mourn the sudden passing
of Mr. James W. Meehan. His life, though brief, was not in vain.
His influence will long be felt in the lives of his pupils



ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

EVING

TAKE HEED

By Robert C. Moore

SOPHOMORES, you are welcome. As you read that, doubtless you will spring out of your easy chair and roll around the floor, holding your sides; that is, if you are not too dignified to roll. Without a doubt, you remember too well your welcome—your first few days in school. From the big shots of junior high you fell into the lowest mold at P. H. S. You heard the cry of "soph" ringing in your ears, or you went on a tour of the high school in search of some unknown place, ably assisted by a senior. Every little incident, you remember it and vow that it will come out again next year—on the sophs. Well, in spite of all these bumps and bruises that we gave you so ceremoniously, you are welcome.

By now you know pretty much of this building. You know that the only reason the contractors put a dome on the high school was for sophs and sightseers; you know that Room 137 isn't next door to the gym or adjacent to 333. You at least have a general idea of where the rooms are, even if at graduation you might not be able to tell the number of your math class. You are pretty well informed in this line and you know ther outine. Yet there is much for you to learn.

We of the upper classes can not tell you what to do—it's probably still a question whether we have ever learned. About all we can do is to put you "in the know" and let you choose for yourself. There are two things to remember: it is the attitude that you take toward your opportunities and the skill with which you take advantage of them that will

determine your success.

If you take the easy way with little or no regard for your studies, forgetting them until your senior year, when you begin to think of graduation, as often happens; if you choose to go through with no thought as to what comes next; then you must not expect much. You will graduate with nothing more than that with which you entered and the habits which you formed will begin to take effect.

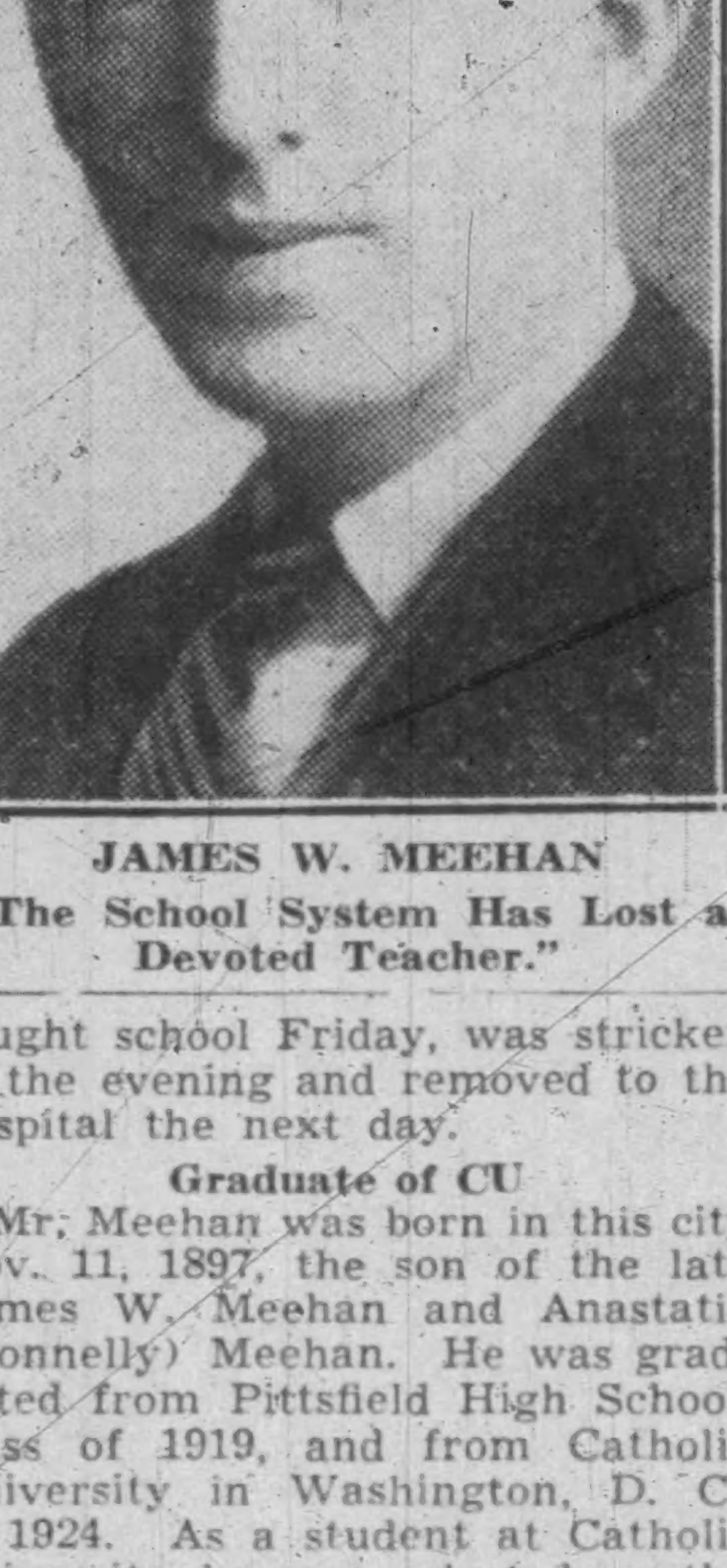
If, on the other hand, you choose to make of yourself that which is in you: if you pursue your studies to the best of your abilities, though you can not seem to raise them more than a few feet above C level,—the habit of working hard will help you. If you take an interest in your school and strive to make of it what you can while you are here, then you will find the best in yourself and in your class when you graduate.

Think for a moment. Easy now, not hard. Think of the number of extra-curricular activities that are open for you to broaden your knowledge. But don't merely think; join one of them. The pleasure gained does not come from looking in from the outside. Your most unusual opportunity comes from the newly formed glee clubs and reorganized orchestra and band, where you have the opportunity to develop your musical interests. There are other clubs: for authors, artists, and business men, THE PEN; for athletes, both boys' and girls' sports; for orators, the Debating Club; for actors, the Dramatic Club; for movie fans, the Movie Club; and for the love of Pete, take advantage of them, and all others.

James Meehan Dies in Hospital

High School Teacher Victim Of Pneumonia

James W. Meehan, 40, of 80 Maplewood Avenue, a teacher of history at Pittsfield High School, died at 1.30 this morning at St. Luke's Hospital of pneumonia. He



JAMES W. MEEHAN

"The School System Has Lost a Devoted Teacher."

taught school Friday, was stricken in the evening and removed to the hospital the next day.

Graduate of CU

Mr. Meehan was born in this city Nov. 11, 1897, the son of the late James W. Meehan and Anastatia (Connelly) Meehan. He was graduated from Pittsfield High School, class of 1919, and from Catholic University in Washington, D. C., in 1924. As a student at Catholic University he was selected as the first president of the Utopia Society. After graduation from CU, Mr. Meehan attended Columbia University for a year and later studied two summers at the New York State Teachers College in Albany.

High School Teacher

1925 M. M.

High School Teacher

In 1926 Mr. Meehan was appointed a teacher in the public schools and was assigned to Pomeroy Junior High School. In 1930 when the new Pittsfield High School was opened, he was transferred there as an instructor in the history department. He was an ardent student of history and possessed a library of many volumes dealing with his chosen subject.

Of him, Superintendent of Schools Edward J. Russell said:

"I regret the untimely passing of James Meehan, who has served as a teacher in the Pittsfield schools with marked devotion to his work. He was a quiet, unassuming man, diligent and conscientious in his work and successful in his results. The school system has lost a devoted teacher."

The flag at the high school has been placed at half staff out of respect for Mr. Meehan.

During the days when "Jimmy" attended Pittsfield High, he was active in athletics. His major sport was basketball and he was a member of the squad of 1915, one of the best ever to represent the school.

The survivors are his mother, three brothers, William V., Mark V., and Francis J. Meehan, and three sisters, Mrs. Walter F. Reagan, Miss Katherine E. Meehan and Mrs. Edward W. McCormick, all of this city.

The funeral will be held Wednesday morning at 9.30 at the home and at 10 at St. Joseph's Church with a solemn high mass of requiem. Burial will be in the family plot in St. Joseph's Cemetery.

James W. Meehan

When Superintendent Russell said that the death of James W. Meehan, teacher of history in the High School, was a great loss to the city and to its educational system, he voiced a sentiment that later was to find confirmatory response in the tributes that came from every quarter of the city. The life of Mr. Meehan touched many other lives and always to help them.

He was a natural teacher who loved his work. Ever he was resilient in the classroom, eager to impart useful, authentic knowledge to others, pleased when there came from the class that alertness, aggressiveness and high spirit of application that are the most satisfying evidence that the instructor is clicking well. Mr. Meehan entered into the problems of his pupils. In a very genuine sense he made their interests his.

Conscientious, devoted, intelligent thoroughly equipped for his important task, he has left an impress upon the school order that will endure. The organization knew it had a member upon whom it was safe to rely for he was loyal, he was dependable, and he was just. The students knew they had in him not only a fine teacher, but a perfect friend.

He was called from his labors all too soon.

TED SHAWN--THE ARTIST

By A. Herbert Boyajian

AFTER witnessing Ted Shawn's performance, one wonders how he could have come upon such an unusual idea. As a boy he was led in the direction of ministry by his parents. Accordingly, he entered the University of Denver to prepare for the theological seminary. But fate interfered with these plans, as he was stricken with a serious illness which confined him to bed for about three months. During his convalescence, he spent a good deal of his time meditating on religion and also, strange to say, on ballet dancing, an interest he must have inherited from his mother, since she was a critic in this field.

At this time, dancing was held in disfavor in religious circles, but Mr. Shawn remembered that dancing was mentioned several times in the Bible favorably. David had danced before the Lord, and the Psalmists called on the congregation to "praise Him with timbrel and dance." He therefore concluded that disapproval of dancing was unjustified, and that dancing had great possibilities as a method of self-expression.

Dancing had been practiced for many centuries by all nations and classes of people. The Indians danced, the Chinese danced; and in many religious orders, dancing was an important part of the ritual. Mr. Shawn began to wonder exactly what these various kinds of dances may have been like. Surely, David's dance before the Lord could not have been a "shimmy", the "shag", or the "Big Apple". It became evident to him that each human emotion must have its own appropriate expression in the dance, and this would be well worthy of study.

When he was well enough to get out of bed, he found that he was almost helpless from the hips down, making it necessary for him to learn to walk all over again. He became conscious of his awkwardness at it, and

he realized that he would have to do some kind of exercise to strengthen his muscles and gain control of them. His artistic sense revolted against ordinary setting up exercises, so he turned to ballet dancing, not only because it would develop his body, but also because it would give him more grace of movement. He became acquainted with a well-known ballet instructor of the time and entered his troupe first as an onlooker (until his strength returned) and then in small parts.

In studying ballet, however, Mr. Shawn began to realize its shortcomings since it was given entirely to fantastic romanticisms. He visualized an altogether new conception of dancing, one which would be a means of artistic expression of a very wide range of emotions, and would carry meaning. He would develop dancing as an artistic art as universal in its applicability and expression as painting, or music, or poetry. For instance, if the Indian chief's prayer to the gods for rain could be put on canvas with a brush, or set to notes as music, or expressed in metrical verse as a poem, it could also be expressed as a dance. Thus a new art of self-expression was created by Ted Shawn, as versatile and effective as any, and more pleasing than many.

Why no feminine dancers in Ted Shawn's troupe? The particular style of dancing in which women excel has already been developed very extensively, and opportunities in it for women are ten times as many as for men. Furthermore, feminine dancing carries with it a different atmosphere from that which he tries to create in his performances and would tend to mask the new art which he has created.

When dancing is universally recognized as one of the fine arts, like painting, music, sculpture, and poetry, and not merely as a form of amusement, Ted Shawn will be acknowledged as the genius who put it there.

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FOR THE LOVE OF PEGGY

By Fred Cande

"HEY, Red, did you see the new kid on the block, yet?" yelled Joe Garfield to his pal Red Smith who, among other things, figured himself the strongest boy in Brewster.

"The guy's a sissy," replied Red. "I saw him jumping rope in front of the school yesterday. He's either a sissy or he's got an awful lot of nerve. Here comes Buttons; I wonder if he's seen him. Hey, Buttons, what's your hurry?"

The newcomer happened to be Buttons Meaty, and he certainly was. When you saw Buttons run, you gained the impression of an ice wagon going full speed ahead with its brakes on; or if that isn't clear, he looked like Man Mountain Dean out for exercise.

"What's your hurry?" repeated Red.

"You know the new kid?" Buttons managed to gurgle.

"Yeh, what about him?"

"Well, I saw him take Peggy Merton to the show."

"You what?!" shrieked Red.

"I just thought I'd tell you."

Red's bellow of surprise was easily accounted for. Red had always considered Peggy Merton his girl, and all the boys in Brewster knew it, and respected his right arm enough not to interfere. The nerve of this stranger—a sissy at that—was too much for Red's vanity.

"We'll see about that," he said. "I know what we'll do. They won't be coming home from the show until after dark. We'll wait on Jason Street where the lights are out and when they come by, you boys pretend you're going to rob them. I'll come along and save them—get the idea?"

"Sure, Red," answered Joe, "but don't treat us too rough. We'll see you later. Come on, Buttons."

Two hours later the three boys were crouched in the bushes on black Jason Street. "This is going to be rich," laughed Red.

"Sh, here they come. Okey, fellows, go to it."

"All right, stick 'em up, both of you!" shouted a masked Joe, jumping out before the pair fiercely. Buttons was right behind him. Suddenly Red came running, and with a few well timed punches and flourishes, the supposed robbers were set to flight—but they hadn't counted on Buttons. He seemed to forget that he had to jump over the fence, and tried to run right through with the inevitable result. In the fall his mask was lost, and Peggy recognized him. "Oh!" she cried, "I see it all now. Red, you planned this to make yourself out a hero, but it didn't work."

"Maybe so," replied Red, "but I'm going to knock this guy's block off anyway."

So saying, he lashed out with his fist expecting it to smash against the other's face, but instead it swung around in a semi-circle, having encountered nothing but the thin air. And Red's troubles were not over. Suddenly fists of steel were playing a tattoo all over his face. Finally, taking advantage of a lull in the attack, he fled, but not before he had been knocked down.

For weeks afterward, Red was the most uncomfortable boy in Brewster. He was ashamed to face Peggy now. He went his lonely way with head low. Then, one day he overheard Peggy talking to one of her chums.

"—You should have seen how funny Red looked there on the ground—so bewildered Wait until he finds out Jack has won the Junior Golden Gloves Tourney in New York, and that he's only my cousin!" Then, proudly, "I'm glad he likes me enough to fight for me."

Red did not speak to her just then, but he walked away whistling, and if I'm any good at signs, he was the happiest kid in town. Is there any wonder that Red Smith feels that any time Jack Williams wants to take Peggy Merton out, it's his privilege to do so?

SURVIVAL

By Edith Moore

THE young man stood before her and waited. He wanted her to scream, to cry. Anything, but the silence with which she bore this, her first tragedy.

Alica's heart stood still. Her father, her own dear "Jimmy", was dead. That meant he was gone, she would never see him again. His quick smile and flashing blue eyes, his dark, wind-tossed hair, and rough tanned skin, his strong, capable hands—

How delighted Jimmy had been at his daughter's awe and love of the great "birds" that were so much a part of his life. He had taught her to fly when she was very young, and instilled in her a love as great as his own for the thrill of flying.

How can I explain it? The vastness of the blue, the roar of the motor, the feel of the wings cutting the wind, hiding behind clouds, soaring in utter freedom. Freedom.

Now he was free. He had been known for his daring and courage in the great war, had come back with many honors, and had since been flying the mail. Now—now—

Alica could control her feelings no longer, she threw herself into the unhappy young man's arms and sobbed until she was exhausted.

* * * * *

"You mustn't talk like that," the young man soothed.

"I can't help it, I don't want to lose you, too. You must give it up, John, please."

"He wouldn't have you talking like this," John whispered softly "Because there's danger, you want me to quit. Would you?"

She faced him with tears in her eyes, but said not a word. After that she never spoke about it, but when he was flying at night she was in constant fear, though she felt no danger for herself when she was up—it was like going home. Women are like that.

Then tragedy struck again. John's plane disappeared one night, apparently from the

face of the earth. She could not cry. Her hurt was beyond tears now.

She thought many times of going out to meet them—John and her father. Life? What did it have to offer? Whatever it was it came too slowly. She wanted life to be swift—short. But one must live.

She met the peak of success quickly, but it was not triumph. There were too many lonely hours.

She would not let herself think of John as anything but a sweet, fantastic dream. She would not face the reality. One must not think of the ugly emptiness, the loneliness, the hurt—but only of the beautiful, happy days that one has shared. Nor must one think of those beautiful days as days that can never come again, but as wonderful hours that can never be taken away—never be lost.

Lost. That is the way she felt. As though she had wandered away into some distant foreign country where she knew not the language spoken, nor the people who spoke it.

Then, suddenly, after she faced it all,—after her heart had broken—the unbelievable happened.

She saw him coming, but she did not believe. It was a vision, she had seen it often.

"Alica!"

No—no, it was real. No vision. It was real. It was he!

He stumbled toward her, she ran to him. It didn't matter how much she had been hurt, she had survived it. They were together again and everything was all right.

She clung desperately to him as though she would never let him go.

"Crash-up," he whispered in explanation. "Lost my memory. I've been in a hospital wondering who I was. Then, suddenly there was a hemorrhage. When I came out of it—Well, I had to come to you right away."

She clung tighter, and said not a word. No need for words now.

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ON HALLOWE'EN NIGHT

By Marion Willis

"Give us a nibble,
Give us a bite,
To feed a poor ghost
On Hallowe'en Night."

MAYBE Augusta Moreland should have been more gracious, but, as she always told Martha about this time of year, those neighborhood women ought to have more sense than to allow their boys and even their girls to go out begging at night.

A firm, flat "No", followed by a sharp slam of the door, was always her answer to the joyous pleas of ghosts and goblins that trooped up to her door on Hallowe'en. Locking the door about ten o'clock, she went into the parlor where Martha was busy knitting. The servant smiled when Augusta entered.

"Those kids are awful, aren't they, Augusta?" Martha began, more for effect than for answer. She didn't mind the excitement, although thirty years with Augusta Moreland should have made her care. Every year it was the same.

"They're worse than that, Martha. It's criminal," declared Augusta in the tone one would use when speaking of murders. "Let's go to bed."

"All right. Maybe if they see the lights out, they'll stop bothering us," suggested Martha amiably, turning the lights out.

But the young folks didn't stop bothering. Tommy Scott saw to that. Tommy was fifteen, the biggest boy in the neighborhood, so his word was law to all the others. For ten Hallowe'ens Tommy had gone to Miss Moreland's, and for ten years he had received the same "no" and had seen the same door slammed in his face. At first it had disappointed him; then he had grown resentful of it. This year he planned to have a little fun.

He had prepared a tic-tac of string, empty spools, and whatnot, and had fastened it to

Miss Moreland's window by aid of a ladder found in the garage. Another tic-tac was placed on Martha's window. Attached to the shutters which Tommy unhooked, the tic-tac could tap, while Tommy was busy elsewhere; and it did.

Augusta heard it first, as she snuggled down under the covers in a futile attempt to get warm. It was a weird tap-tap tap, Tap-tap-tap, punctuated by the banging of the shutter.

"Martha!" she yelled, bounding out of bed and into the hall in one leap. Martha appeared in the door. "Martha, that noise at the window!" Augusta was slowly regaining her calm. "It's so annoying."

"It's in my room, too," said Martha rather proudly. She wasn't scared. "Know what it is?"

"No, but there's nothing to be afraid of. There are no ghosts, and I'm not afraid of any human being," said Augusta defiantly, as if whistling in the dark to keep up her courage. "Goodnight," she added calmly, going back to bed. The banging persisted, but she kept telling herself "there are no ghosts, and I'm not afraid of any human being."

In the meantime Tommy was still busy. He went home, and managed to sneak out Susie, the shamefully large dressmaker's form of his mother's dressed in an old black gown. From his sister's room he got a small hatstand, shaped like a girl's head. With a bottle of catsup added, he felt sufficiently armed to proceed to Miss Moreland's.

Laying poor Susie in the grass with her standard hidden in the bushes, he poured catsup around the clothing and on the neck. A few feet from the "body" he put the head, likewise with a rim of catsup around its broken-off neck. The street light shone on the eerie form just enough so that it would be mistaken for a person.

Augusta was awakened from a light doze by the shrill, persistent cry of the telephone. A deep-voiced person spoke.

"Miss Moreland? I'm the police inspector. There's a body of a dead woman in front of your house. Her head's chopped off—!" The inspector ended in a gulp of suppressed laughter.

Augusta screamed a long, healthy scream that made the "inspector" wince. He dropped the phone and again assumed the role of Tommy Scott. Augusta banged down the receiver and blurted out at Martha, who was listening, "It's those kids!"

Martha went to the window. "But there is a policeman!"

Slipping on a coat, Augusta, followed by ever-present Martha, dashed out across the lawn and faced the policeman. "What's the meaning of this?" she barked, and the law pointed down at the ground. There lay the dead woman, time having added a realistic look to the catsup. Augusta screamed again. ("At least her vocal chords are getting a work out," thought the officer.) Now Martha gave a loud shriek.

The policeman burst out in a hearty laugh. From behind trees and bushes emerged a half dozen thirteen-year-old boys, Tommy among them, all roaring with laughter. Augusta rose and faced Tommy Scott, who shivered in the iciness of her stare. He didn't see the mischievous twinkle in her eye as she turned away.

Augusta turned to Martha as they reached their bedroom doors.

"It was so funny, Martha!" laughed Augusta, enthusiastically. "The dummy and everything! And Tommy's apologies?"

"A wonder you forgave him," said Martha amazed at Augusta's attitude. "Goodnight," she added, locking the door emphatically.

Augusta smiled and went to bed, but for an hour she lay listening to the rhythmic accents of the tic-tac.

JACK FROST

By Louise McEachron

A saucy imp, so spry and small
A queer little chap is he
With brush and paints he often shows
Most wondrous scenes to me.

Jack Frost, with dripping, red pinched nose
And bony hands and face
On my bedroom window pane
Wild ferns and palms will trace.

A fairy boat with silver oars
And sails of frosty white—
What a clever genius he
To paint these over-night!

STUDY HALL

By Loraine Dakin

I love to watch in study hall
The way some studying's done—
By passing notes or whispering
Which students think is fun.

The way they watch dear teacher
And as she turns away
The way they chat in hurried tone,
And what they have to say!

I like to watch them studying
For some of them do try!
And oft' I'd wondered how they could
In all that hue and cry.

I wish I could a teacher be
For just one single day—
So I could hear their alibis
And all that they must say.

October, 1938

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THE ETERNAL WAR QUESTION

By Winifred Aitchison

THIS stormy atmosphere certainly does get one down. It is perfectly dreadful to think that some day even the United States may become involved, as some especially pessimistic people predict. But why ever on earth must we start moping around now? It is just as nonsensical as the duchess in Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" who started to cry because she was going to cut her finger on the following Tuesday.

I used to enjoy listening to the radio, but now—oh me!—it is on from the first thing in the morning until the last thing at night, with one's own father hovering over it like a vulture over some carcass, only looking up now and then to hiss a formidable sshh, if you are the least bit boisterous.

Of course, I know that war is a very serious affair, and that it is perfectly sacrilegious to talk about it in such a disrespectful fashion, but after all there are limits. Those silly old commentators just repeat and repeat, so why, oh why, must we turn from one station to another just to hear their opinions (goodness knows we hear enough from Dad without going to them for further punishment). I think that the old fogies know that they have to keep the American public keyed up to a constant pitch of excitement in order to sound impressive, and lots of what they say is only conjecture. If you hear one good one every day, isn't that enough to keep you well informed?

Then why, in heaven's name must one be constantly sshh'd all evening long to listen to reports—first on one station then on another. Let me cite a sample of an evening's entertainment: first we just go into thrills over the golden voice of H. V. Kalterborne, Columbia's spokesman; and then we simply double up with laughter over the witticisms of some

old codger from Paris. Next on the menu is a visit to Prague to hear from some Czecho-slovakian diplomat whom you can hardly understand. In the matter of a few moments we have hopped to Berlin where we hear from another correspondent—poor fellow he dares not utter any words but those put into his mouth by officials for fear of his neck.

Oh no! you don't want to hear "Baby Snooks"! Gracious me, no! Just consider all the other things you can hear instead. But if you are an obstinate, unreasonable person, you can go up to your room or down cellar and listen, but you must be very careful not to get it too loud, if you can get it at all, so as not to interfere with the reception on another station.

But if by any chance you suggest such a thing in the living room, poor Dad will look up and say "Well, maybe I have been using the radio quite a lot lately, Bina, perhaps you're right. Go ahead."

And then you look at him and feel so sorry for him that you could kick yourself. So you just say, as sweetly as possible under the circumstances, "Oh, I don't particularly want to hear it anyway. I would just as soon hear what Kalterborne has to say."

But it is awfully hard not to laugh when you catch Mother's twinkling eyes across a game of honeymoon bridge (instead of the usual three handed), or at the dinner table when poor Dad is getting all heated up in an argument with Bart (or whoever your father argues with).

But all the same the affairs of the world are getting worse and Mother and Dad are terribly worried about their families in Great Britain, so just "grin and bear it", I say—as long as your grin doesn't stretch into a laugh during some broadcast.

DAYLIGHT SAVING-PHOOEY!

By Loraine Dakin

"B-R-RING" goes the alarm clock at seven in the morning, disturbing your pleasant dreams—but only for a moment—for you've rolled over, taking most of the blankets with you, and are sunk once more into peaceful oblivion.

"Clan-ning" goes that satanic invention and you spring from the bed yelling, "Women and children first—" then you gasp sheepishly as you find the cause of that noise to be only the Big Ben that mother bought yesterday.

You wrack your brain trying to remember if you set the alarm for so early an hour, and if so, why. Not finding any idea whatsoever up th'ar, you prepare to climb back in to bed to continue your beauty sleep. Over your chair you are surprised to see a clean set of clothing and your best suit no less! Your shoes, too, are polished and shining brightly. Puzzled, but still too sleepy to think, you decide to let the unraveling of this mystery wait till about noon, when you vow you'll arise and solve it. You are about to close the other half of your eyes when a purple and white banner catches your eye—P.H.S.—oh, what mem'ries of your sophomore days (daze?). What a school! School!!!?

"Oh, my goodness!" you're wide awake now, and the mystery's solved.—Today is the first day of school!!

You grab toothbrush and comb and make a bee line for the bathroom. You are congratulating yourself on your running ability when you stub your toe on Junior's new fire engine and go headfirst down the hall on your tummy. Now if this were a ball game, you'd probably be safe on first, but as it is, your head encounters the closed bathroom door and you're nearly out. You sit up and groggily grasp for the door knob—it won't turn—someone must be in there. Oh, well, you're not in the mood for washing anyhow. All

nature is having a Mardi Gras within your head: the birds are singing, the bees are buzzing, the stars are shining, yes, and there's Saturn and her three rings. While you are enjoying (?) these wonders, the minutes tick by—one, two, three, four—until when you come to—fifteen have passed and the door is still locked.

"Hey!" you yell, "I've gotta get to school. Come on, dad, be a sport, will you? I simply can't be late today of all days."

Your father slowly opens the door, he seems in no hurry; while you are so excited his every motion seems to take hours.

"Have they changed the time of school, son?" he asks slowly.

"No, no, dad, of course not," you say, still wondering if you'll be late. "No," you add, "it still begins at eight-thirty."

"Then why on earth," questions dad, "are you afraid you'll be late? It's only six-thirty, you know."

"What?" you gasp. "Well!" you shriek, "this is the last straw! Six-thirty! My clock said seven." (You now are all but tearing your hair.) "And I missed a good hour's sleep because someone monkeyed with it after I set it last night—gr-rr-rr!"

You glance at dad and are suddenly alarmed, for he seems to be passing through the various stages of apoplexy. "Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!" You are about to call mother when he bursts out with—"Son, did you set your clock back last night?"

This is the newest of new definitions. One of our sophomores think that "poetry is a beautiful thought wrote in arithmetic style." Sort of makes the English teacher wonder what she's teaching—don't you think?

October, 1938

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HURRICANE HAVOC

By Winthrop Brielman

IT appeared on the bright and sunny morning of the 17th of September that the Eastern States Exposition would be a complete success. However, the iron hand of fate can change anything in this world. Who would have suspected during the first few days of the Exposition that the continuous rain would bring a raging hurricane?

At approximately four o'clock on Wednesday, the 21st, all 4-H Dairy Club members were ordered to remove their cattle from the tent in which they were kept, to the regular dairy barn. The reason for doing this was the fact that the strong wind had already lifted the poles of the tent off the ground.

Three other fellows and I were in the tent removing the last of the animals when the hurricane struck. The wind ripped the huge poles out of the ground and carried them over on top of us. One of the poles struck one of the boys on the shoulder and he was removed to the first aid station. During the next few minutes, however, the condition of the tent prevented us from removing the three remaining animals.

Thanks to the help of some men and other club members who owned trucks, we were able to remove all equipment to the coliseum. It was while we were loading these things that the howling and raging wind and rain destroyed four ferris wheels near the tent. Side by side they had stood; after the wind hit them, they lay crushed and ruined in one heap. It was a sight that none of us will ever forget.

Unnoticed by most people, the wind ripped a section of the grain building roof off and dropped it on a 4-H tent one hundred yards distant. In the cattle barn there was great confusion, due to the fact that the wind had almost blown the large glass windows in on the cattle. In fact one frame was leaning out from the wall about three feet at the top.

Noticing this, we rushed out into the driving rain and cut loose two of the tent poles. These we placed against the window and braced them on the cement floor.

In the meantime, the hurricane had completely demolished the grandstand. One of the cars belonging to the great dare-devil, Lucky Teeter, happened to be under the grandstand roof when it landed. When the car was removed, it was a sorry sight to behold.

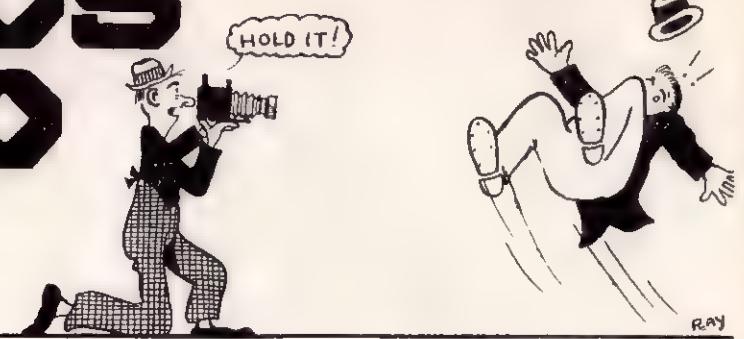
During the great catastrophe only two 4-H members were injured, one, the fellow on whose shoulder the tent pole fell, and the other, a girl. Neither of them was seriously injured. The girl received her injury while leading a calf from the tent to the barn. She slipped on the wet ground and the calf, being excited, stepped on her.

The wind and rain died down as suddenly as they had sprung up, leaving behind a total ruin of a would-be successful fair. But the excitement did not end with the wind and the rain. The following morning at five o'clock the 4-H people were awakened by a sharp, continuous whistle, the signal which was to notify the people that the river had risen so high during the night that the dykes were no longer safe. Any moment they might break.

So, in the dim light of dawn, the cattle and horses were led from the grounds, over the Agawam Bridge, to higher ground. It was the only high ground available. At least a thousand animals were moved from the grounds within three hours. While walking back to get more cattle, we had a chance to view the devastation of the previous day. Trees were uprooted, tents were ripped to shreds, cars were crushed under trees, and the river was almost at the top of its banks. In order to get our clothes and bedding, some

(Continued on page 23)

WHO'S WHO



October, 1938

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And Why

BUD

This young man, known to all as "Bud", is George Merritt, president of the P. H. S. Debating Club, and all around good guy. He admits he loves to eat, and that from November thirtieth on he looks forward to the next Thanksgiving. (Maybe that's why he's so good (?) all the while). He likes movies and has recently become a member of the Motion Picture Club. His pet hates are women reporters and spinach (they both are made of iron—so he says). His favorite pastime is walking for miles (?) in the good old Berkshire air. George also confesses he dislikes U. S. history.

MILK BOTTLES BEWARE!

Popsicle sticks and milk bottles had better beware, for Shelah O'Connell is now a member of the Cafeteria Council. Shelah's also referred to as "official bouncer" though she doesn't recognize the title. She admits she hates spinach (though she adores Popeye) and homework, but loves vanilla ice cream and football games. Shelah is a favorite with all, and if you want to glimpse her, just go behind the high school some day at 2.30 and there she'll be dashing in pursuit of the elusive hockey puck.

OUR NEW ED

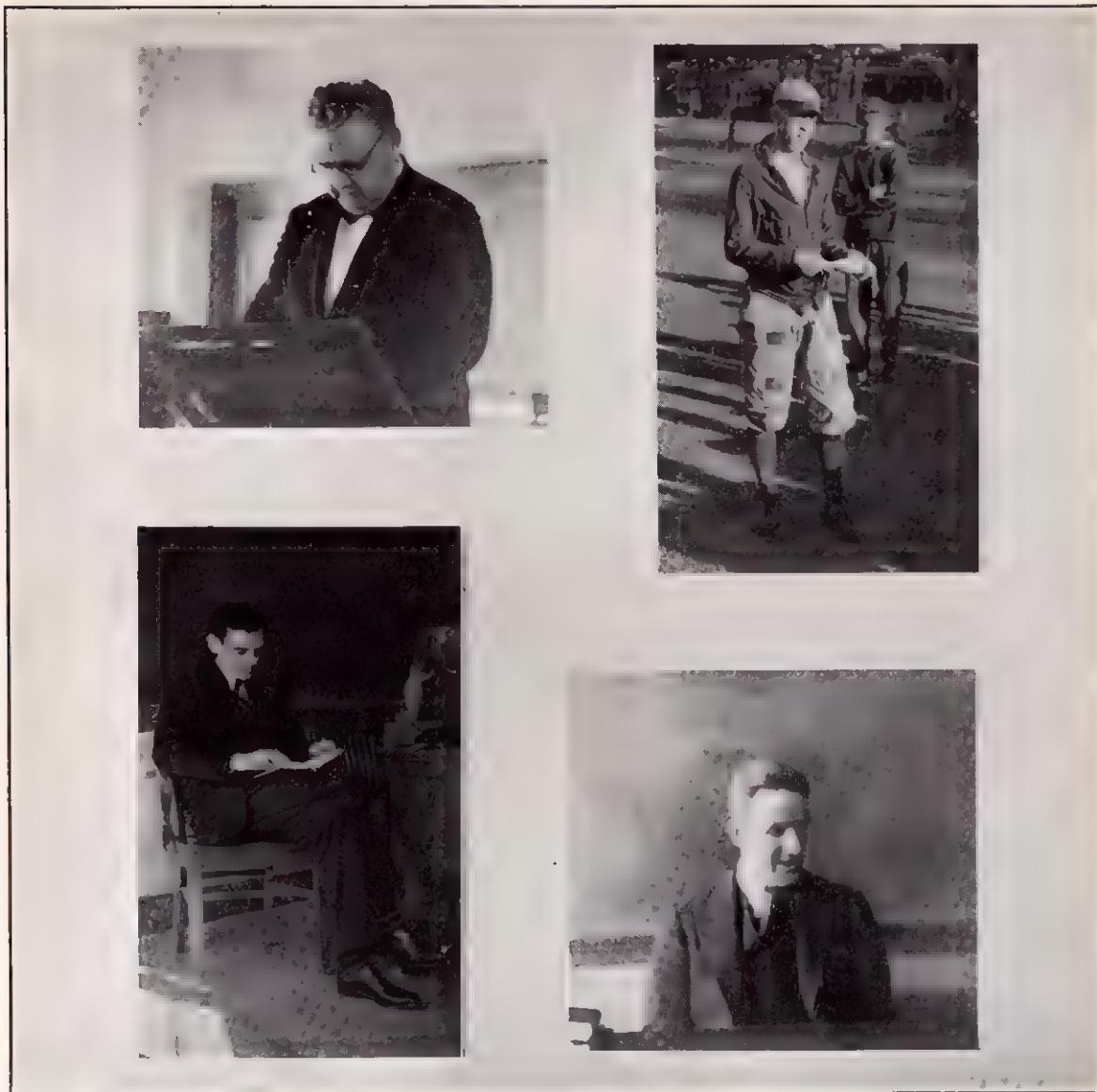
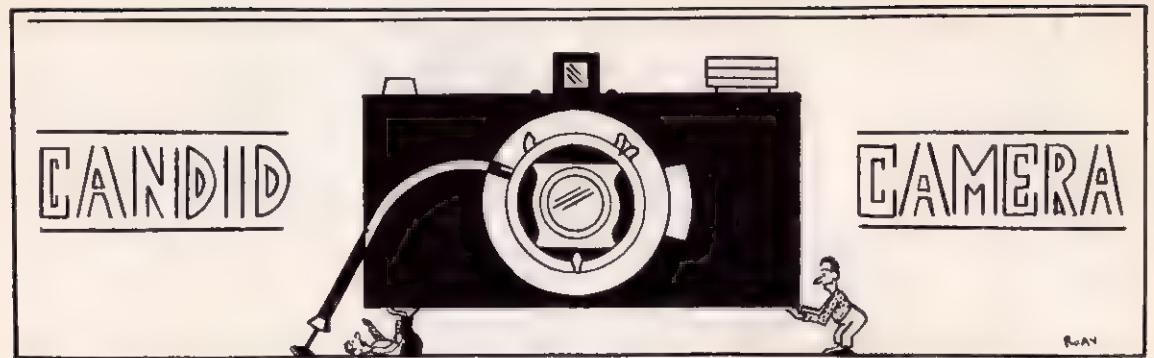
If you should be walking down the hall and hear "H'yuh Butch" sung out almost into your ear, you're no doubt hearing the new Editor-in-Chief of THE PEN —Bob Moore in person. Surely you've seen him in the halls, usually headed in the general direction of Miss Pfeiffer's room. Besides heading our school magazine, he writes the P. H. S. school news for the Eagle. He likes reading, football, and baseball, but simply abhors deadlines and Muzzey (already)! If you've not already met our genial genius, you'd better look him up, for you're missing a swell guy.

MARY PISANI

Mary is one of the busiest young ladies in the school. If you don't believe it, try to find her some day. Interested in sports, she has numerals for playing basketball, and is taking volley ball and archery this season. This ambitious Senior B is doing office work for Miss Parker during second period every day, and is a member of the new harmony class. You should hear her warble! She likes Robert Taylor and detests pop-corn. She loves to bake, but every cake she's made so far has been a flop, she says. She enjoys sewing and likes to be individual about clothes.

JOSEPH MOGAVERO

Joe hangs around Room 103 these days, where he is busy taking care of the Senior A Ring Order, of which he is chairman. He enjoys the various school games but is usually about half an hour late to them. (What's at the bottom of this, Joe?) He likes to walk in the rain. He can put away a veal steak with ease, but cannot be tempted by creamy mayonnaise on his salads. He is known for his ready smile and contagious laughter, and is equally popular with both boys and girls.



October, 1938

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The Candid Camera

Pictures by Gordon Hough, David Strout, Vadislav Dojka

"POP"

If any of you P. H. S. students feel in a fighting mood dash down to Room 108 where you'll be rid of it in a hurry—with no extra cost. Here you'll find Mr. Gorman, whose hobby is wrestling and who'll not mind accommodating you. Besides wrestling, Mr. Gorman's hobbies include walking, which he usually enjoys on Sunday, when he walks from twenty to thirty miles. Not many of us can do this owing to our extreme age and sensitive corns. He is fond, especially, of good wit and humor and good music and dislikes mainly—smart alecs. He's wondering now if he has a twin, as before he was in Pittsfield an hour, he had been hailed by fifteen people whom he never seen before.

MR. ROBERT J. McCARTHY

The tall young man with a dignified air that you have seen walking about in our halls is not a sophomore; he is one of our three new teachers—Robert J. McCarthy. At present he is teaching arithmetic, but he is known to be a very fine Latin teacher as well. He enjoys an occasional game of golf, good books, and playing with his two children, both girls, one two years old and the other ten months. As a rule he is a good-natured person, evidenced by his ready smile; but take heed! It is rumored that when he has the floor, you do not. His opinion of us, thus far, may be found in his recent exclamation: "So this is high school!"

ALL AMERICAN

It is Coach Charles E. Stewart who is coaching our football eleven this year and for ten years past. Well qualified is he with two years as all-American to his credit at Colgate and two years on Pittsfield elevens around the war. A great admirer of Popeye, he eats his spinach—with vinegar. But he dislikes backs who do not block and tackle hard. Pittsfield's successful teams on the basketball court and on the diamond are due to his efforts in those lines. Cheerful, optimistic (not without due cause), and good-humored, he's an all-American guy.

NEW COMER

A new arrival from Crane is Mr. James P. (could it be Percival?) Reynolds. His domain is Room 231, where he shares honors with Mr. Regan. He now teaches Office Practice and Typing. One of his special hobbies is reading American history in which field he has done considerable research. Being an ardent golfer, he dislikes bad weather, and any rainy Saturday morning you can hear him breaking golf clubs in his "den". His favorite pastimes are, of course, golfing and catering to his small daughter. Mr. Reynolds recently won a twenty-five dollar prize for an original plan for teaching the principles of safety to children.

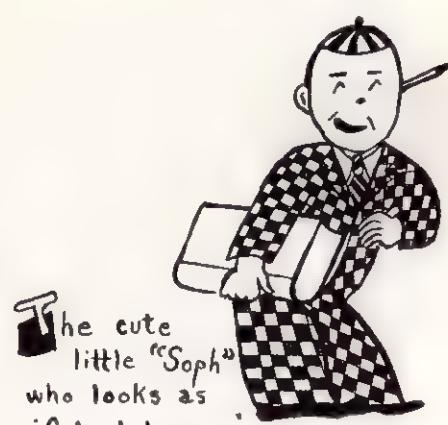
"SOPHS" WE HAVE SEEN!



The puzzled "Soph" who wants to know where the office is.



The brainy "Soph" who can read Latin and French and tell you almost anything

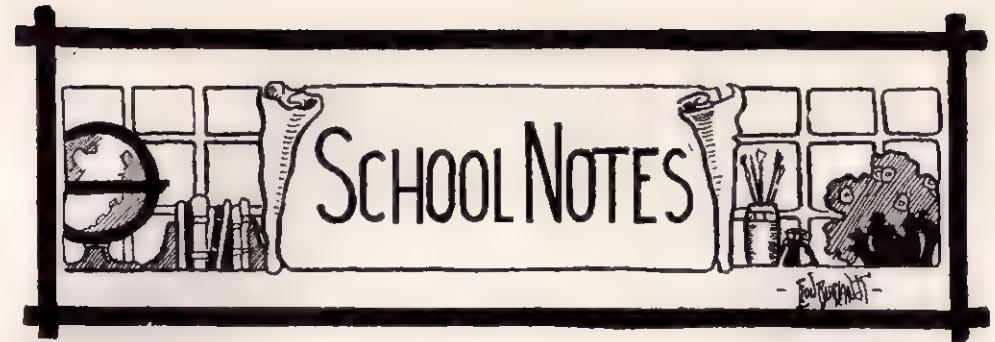


The cute little "Soph" who looks as if he belongs in Kindergarten (They make them smaller every year)



The dignified "Soph" who thinks he looks like a Senior (but he isn't)

R. Zola



SENIOR NOTES

At the recent Senior A Class election, last year's officers were again appointed to lead the class down the home stretch. They are:
 President Neil Connely
 Vice President Joseph Mezzack
 Secretary Zita Porro
 Treasurer Nannette Goetze

George Milne was elected chairman of the play committee. He has not yet selected his assistants.

Arthur McGill has been elected chairman of the ring committee.

Rosemary Slater, the Senior class's actress and comedienne, has left the portals of good old P. H. S. for those of St. Catherine's School in West Virginia. We hope that "Rhody" amuses the teachers down there as much as she amused a certain chemistry professor up here.

Very few of us were lucky enough in our vacations to go to Europe this year, as Fred Meyers did. Fred is eagerly anticipating his talk to Miss Rhoades' Virgil class about his visit in Italy.

JUNIOR NOTES

We are all glad to have you back among us, Bob Martin, after your long absence of a year.

I thought you might like to hear a little ditty that was being passed around last year. It certainly applies.

You can tell a Sophomore by his looks
 You can tell a Junior by his books

You can tell a Senior, but you can't tell him much.

Girls' Junior sports have begun, hockey and volley ball at present. Judging from what

I've seen, we've pretty good prospects this year. (No need to go into boys' sports—you all know.)

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The following students are among the many who have come from St. Joseph's to enter their sophomore year at P. H. S.: Mildred Scace, Gloria Librizzi, Mary Troy, Lorraine Mungeon, Eleanor Shaver, Thomas Kennedy, Mary Jewitt, Phyllis Petit, Marjorie O'Donnell, Claire O'Donnell, Jane Kinsela.

DEBATING CLUB NEWS

The P. H. S. Debating Club will soon be under way with the best fall program in its history. The club is now under the capable supervision of Mr. Joseph McGovern.

The officers and former members are looking forward to seeing many new members this year. So whether Soph, Junior, or Senior, come to our first meeting and see how you like it. The schedule this year includes current event quizzes, debates, and outside speakers.

MUSIC IN THE AIR

The Petit Ensemble, musical sextet, opened the school lecture series before an over-crowded auditorium. Their music included selections from all types of music—from classical to semi-classical and some in a lighter vein.

The soft, pleasing music got to the hearts of the students, easily and at the close they called for two encores. Musical programs always are immensely enjoyed by the students and this interesting sextet proved no exception.

WE SENIORS*By Mary Farrell*

Seniors, Seniors, now are we,
Sophisticated as can be.

With steps sedate, we walk the hall
Tricks of sophomores us appall.

Seniors grave we are, at last
All our childish antics past.

Now with true sincerity
We wear our robes of dignity.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The Motion Picture Club is a fairly new organization in Pittsfield High School. It was started last November and because of the interest shown it is going to be continued. Although motion picture clubs have been established throughout the United States, there are comparatively few in Massachusetts. So far as we know, the club of Technical High School in Springfield and this one in Pittsfield are the only two in the state.

This year's program is to follow last year's by giving one picture a month detailed study and comment. Before going to see the picture, the club discusses topics such as historical and literary background. After the picture has been seen, suitable topics such as plot, photography, and costumes are discussed.

This club gives its members a definite standard of taste, a deeper realization of social and economic problems, and a keen interest in newer types of photography.

At a recent meeting, elections were held, and the officers selected for the coming year are as follows:

President—Marion Rhoades

Vice President—Marie Kinney

Secretary—Helen Hurley

Treasurer—Alfred Persip

Chairman of Program Committee—Thurlow
Pruyne

Librarian—Philip Boyington

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

Come on, all you people who like to make others mad. Here are a few pet hates and things that make certain people maddest.

Lorraine Dakin—"A teacher yelling 'Miss Dakin!' when I wasn't talking."

Bunny Bissalion—"Matching tests that won't match."

Crosby Olinto—"People calling me 'Bing'."

Bill Mueller—"When a Sophomore girl goes around with a Senior and a Senior girl with a Sophomore, what happens to me, poor Junior?"

Margaretta Annin—"My little sister."

Robert Roney—"Being in only one of a certain girl's classes."

Walter Sime—"Making girls go *around the table* one day, and having them try to go through again the next."

Charles Wilson—"Not having my meals ready on time."

Donald Morrison—"Nosey women."

Wallace Morgan—"Sophomores going down the center stairs."

Dorothy Douglas—"Missing a two-foot putt."

Pam Walker—"To have people call me 'Pammy Mammy'."

Patsy Walsh—"To have some one remind me that I was named after a race horse. But at least I have a comeback. I can remind them that the horse won."

Margaret Ward—"To have anyone persist in calling me nicknames I dislike."

Ruth Barrett—"Blushing —"

John Bence—"A flat tire."

Jo Ann Dow—"Someone putting caterpillars down my neck or in my lap."

Edna Freehoper—"To have teachers spring unannounced tests."

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MR. CONROY'S COTTAGE

Mr. Conroy's cottage has been a source of interest to most of us lately. If you haven't already heard, he got the inspiration from a drawing in the May "Good Housekeeping." This domain of four rooms was built by Mr. Conroy, himself, with the help of Mr. McMahon, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Geary, and Mr. Davidson. He, pardon me, they started building about the second week in June, and finished eight weeks later. We're guessing that there were a few hammered thumbs and knuckles before they were through. You're probably all wondering, and confidentially so are we, who did the cooking for the five masculine stomachs.

"DEMOLAY DOINGS"*Wm. T. Petherbridge chapter*

There are a lot of smiles in evidence down at the DeMolay chapter room as Bruce MacDonald, president of the P. H. S. class of February '38, prepares to take over the luxurious chair of Junior Councilor and with it the general chairmanship of DeMolay's social committee. Between Bruce and Lynwood Langley, '39, co-chairman, DeMolay is looking forward to some real events this fall.

Little "Joe" Bass '40 is hopefully looking toward the office of fourth preceptor left open when Lester Brown, Coach Stewart's pride and joy, left for a northern college. Other preceptors who will be in the line-up this fall are Basil Jones, '40, Charles Dartt, '40 and Ralph Patterson. Almon Lincoln '39 will enjoy a brief respite, oratorically speaking, when he moves from Orator to Junior Steward.

These officers will be publicly installed Friday evening, October 21 by a suite composed of top honor men of the chapter. A dance will follow the ceremony with music being furnished by Don Retallick's orchestra. "Ronnie" Hopley '39, on the decoration

committee, expects to transform the ballroom into a "nature wonderland." However, many novel arrangements for the dance have been planned and everyone is looking forward to a "Big" time.

SOPHOMORE!*By Lorraine Dakin*

Funny little Sophie small
I wonder why you're seen at all!
You trip and stumble all around
Until I fear you will be ground
Beneath some Senior's sturdy tread.
Oh, what has happened to your head?

But why should I so bluntly place,
And very, very poorly space,
These words upon this paper so,
Explaining how you come and go?
For surely, young one, can't you see
I once a sophie had to be?

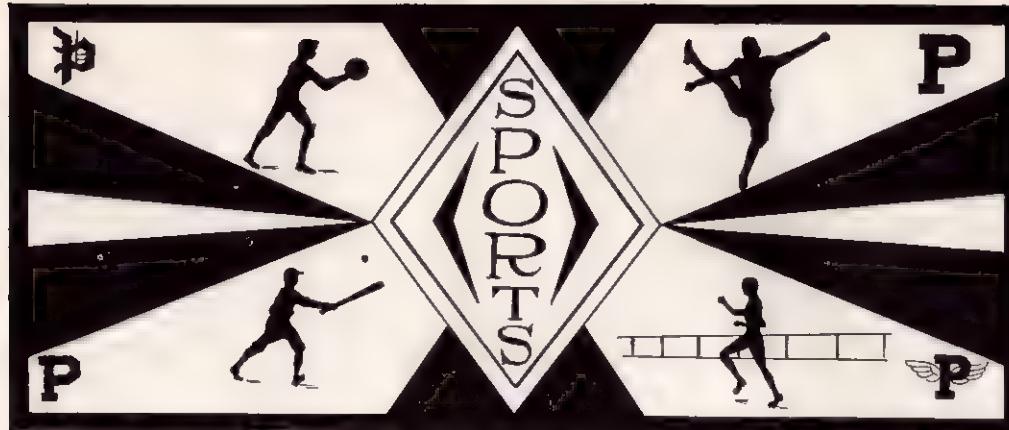
HERE AND THERE

Heard in Spanish Class—"The second syllable receives the greater distress."

The other day a slight tapping of metal was heard in Mr. Innis's room. Mr. Innis looked rather startled and then remarked to his class—"Spirits!"

In answer to a question requiring the name of a profession which used bottled oxygen, Mr. Leahy found on a test paper, "Safe-breaking."

Advice to sophomores—beware of the seniors. You never quite know when they're telling the truth, as we've learned by experience. For instance, there is no compulsory sophomore course in Mental Gyrations, as I've heard told.



FOOTBALL OUTLOOK BRIGHT FOR P. H. S.

By Bernard A. Williams

One hundred and eleven ambitious gridiron gladiators were present, when, on September 9 Coach Stewart sent out his annual call for football candidates. Although ten lettermen were lost through graduation Pittsfield High has a formidable appearing team.

The end situation is handled this year by Chuck Foley, a member of last year's squad, and Bill Eulian, a newcomer. Francis Zofrea has also shown up well in practice and will probably be used. Captain Ralph Renzi and Bob Donna, both veterans, fill the guard positions, while tackles are Chuck Downey and Bernie Carmel. The center is Johnny Massimiano, also of the '37 squad. In the backfield we have Joe Renzi or John Grady, quarterback and Joe Strizzi, Steve Helstowski, Harold Grandshaw and Johnny Simeno complete the picture.

The schedule follows:

Home:

Sept. 24 Lee
Oct. 8 Tech (Springfield)

29 Drury

Nov. 12 Open date
24 St. Joseph's

Away:

Oct. 1 Greenfield
15 Agawam
22 Adams

Nov. 5 Poughkeepsie

PITTSFIELD CONQUERS LEE 25-0

By Bernard A. Williams

On September 24, the Orange and Black of Lee came north to do battle with the Purple and White of Pittsfield on the Common, and for three quarters of the game the Lee outfit kept Pittsfield away from "that line." Only once, in the second quarter did Pittsfield get within striking distance, but unhappily for P. H. S. Simeno fumbled, and Lee recovered to punt out of danger. In the third quarter, Lee started on a march but Pittsfield, led by Guard Bob Donna and End Bill Eulian, stopped them. For the rest of this quarter it was fairly even.

But in the fourth quarter things really began moving. Steve Helstowski gobbled up a short punt and traveled to the ten-yard line. By third down, Johnny Simeno had slammed his way over right guard to put Pittsfield in the lead. Joe Strizzi rushed the extra point. The score: Pittsfield 7, Lee 0.

Johnny Massimiano kicked off for Pittsfield and several plays later, Pittsfield's Joe Strizzi intercepted a pass and went to Lee's twenty-five-yard line. Giving Lee no time to get set, in two plays Joe Renzi had bucked his way to the three-yard line, and from that point Strizzi took it over. Pittsfield 13, Lee 0. When Lee returned Pittsfield's kickoff by punting, Simeno grabbed the ball and raced fifty yards for a touchdown. Shortly after this, Grady intercepted another Lee pass and tallied.

* * * * *

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The team had trouble with their signals, due to the fact that it was a new shift and they had had only one scrimmage.

Stars for Pittsfield were Captain Renzi, Strizzi, and Eulian, the latter demonstrating that he is fully qualified to remain a permanent fixture on this year's varsity. For Lee, Murray, Ingram, and Simone stood out.

A youngster sitting next to us remarked that Pittsfield had two of his uncles on their side and therefore couldn't possibly lose. Upon inquiry we learned that the Renzis were the ones referred to and from the way they played our anonymous friend was most certainly correct.

When the rain came down in the 2nd quarter, Lee brightened. It seems they must have practiced all week in their boots and thought if it got wet enough to wear them again, they might have an edge on Pittsfield.

Lest you forget—Pittsfield 25, Lee 0.

INTRAMURAL SPORTS

By Bruce B. Hainsworth

Coach Carmody hopes to have a complete program of intramural sports this year.

If the Coach's plans materialize, the list of sports the boys will pick from will be touch football, speed-ball, soccer, basketball, hockey, bowling, skiing, tennis, baseball, and possibly six-man football. Each sport the boys choose will be played in its season.

Come on, boys! Turn out for intramural sports and help make this the biggest and best sports year Pittsfield High has ever known.

HOCKEY

Field hockey is once again in full sway. Although the sophomores are just beginning, they grasp the idea of the game rather well and promise to offer the upperclassmen some competition. The Juniors and Seniors are as interested as they ever were so the tournament which is to be held in two weeks will probably be fairly exciting.

NEW FOOTBALL FIELD

At last football has come into its own. Sarah Deming Playground has already been seeded and the grass is growing nicely. Because of the growing public sentiment for adequate playing facilities, the field will probably be ready for use in the fall of 1939. If it is left untouched until 1940, it will be in absolutely perfect condition.

The burden of expense will partially be lifted by the fact that the field will be enclosed and a definite admission will be charged. Heretofore this was impossible because the common is free to anyone.

Tentative plans include a sufficient number of bleachers, a field house equipped with showers, etc., and a good baseball diamond. Further plans will be announced later.

GIRLS' SPORTS START

Now that the weatherman has finally decided to give us a few days of sunshine, Miss Ward and Miss MacLaughlin have crossed their fingers, kept their umbrella within reach, and optimistically begun the program of fall sports. The schedule provides for Archery, Field Hockey, Volley Ball, Track, and Social Dancing—but more about that later.

HURRICANE HAVOC

(Continued from page 13)

fellows had to climb the fences because no one was allowed in on the grounds.

With all the equipment and cattle safe on the high land, the task of telephoning for trucks to take the cattle home presented itself. Only under the call of emergency was I able to contact our farm and have the truck sent down. It took four hours to drive from Pittsfield to Springfield because of the roundabout route in use. By four-thirty in the afternoon, however, we were homeward bound from an adventure that none of the members would have missed.

THE CAFETERIA COUNCIL

By Shelah O'Connell and George Adams

The following students were appointed by the class advisers to assist Miss Madden and the members of the faculty in the cafeteria: Ethel Scharmann, Pamela Walker, Shelah O'Connell, Paul Andrew, Walter Sime, and George Adams. Their chief reason for being in the cafeteria is to keep it clean, quiet, and orderly.

Please Observe These Rules

The rules which have been made regarding the lunch hour are as follows:

1. Pupils should use the side of the cafeteria nearest the stairs which they come down.

2. Keep in single file and move along as quickly as possible.

Proctors have been placed by the cash register to prevent confusion in the lines. Formerly when two-way traffic was allowed, the cashier became confused and had difficulty

in recognizing those who were buying food and those who were returning dishes and bottles. Also collisions might have occurred with the result of broken plates and a slippery floor where soup had been spilled. Remember! No two-way traffic past the cash register!

3. Loud talking, running, sitting on tables, combing hair, and other breaches of etiquette must be avoided.

4. Some students still insist upon leaving bottles and trays on the tables. We cannot, of course, watch everyone who has a milk bottle. In this problem especially, we need co-operation. It is no trouble for each student to return his own tray, but for the boys who clean the tables, this becomes a real task.

5. The cafeteria is not a basketball court. Don't throw papers at the trash cans from a distance. The posts near them are becoming soiled.

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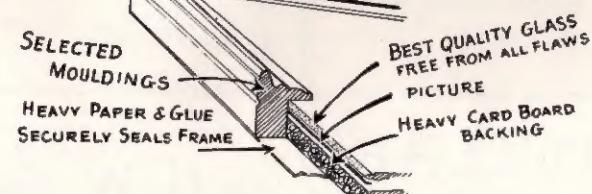
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